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THE  
*SILENT FLUTE,*  
A  
POEM:  
BEING THE  
Members SPEECH  
TO THEIR  
SOVEREIGN.

---

*Henceforth Italian Concerts must be mute,  
No Instrument is like the SILENT FLUTE.*

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By the Author of the CURIOUS MAID.

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*James Wilder and.*  
LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's, and Sold by the Bookfellers of LONDON  
and WESTMINSTER. 1729.

( Price Sixpence. )

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STANFORD

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BEING THE

Memorial Speech

TO

SOVEREIGN

of the British Empire

by the Hon. Sir John Lubbock

By the Hon. Sir John Lubbock

1894

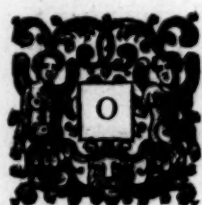
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(Price Sixpence)





T H E  
*SILENT FLUTE.*



Thou, design'd by Nature to controul,  
And in the Center plac'd to guide the Whole,  
What Praise to suit thy Merit shall we bring,  
Or how, Great Limb, thy nervous Glory sing?

From thee our nobler Talents we derive,  
Courage to act, and Cunning to contrive.  
With thee we flourish, and with thee we *fall*,  
Of Health thou sure Prognostick to us all.

When Chance or Vigour does expose thy Face,  
Tho' *Prudes* may frown, and gravely quit the Place,  
Soft *Maids*, with giddy Eyes, thy Lustre see,  
Dazzled, like Slaves at Eastern Majesty;  
They smile, and blush, and peep, and fly, and turn,  
And in the pleasing Conflict chide, and burn;

No *Steel* like thee their Paleness can relieve ;  
 E'en *Widows* by thy Aid forget to grieve.

What, tho' with Blood thy Conquests oft are stain'd ?  
 To either Party's Joy they still are gain'd ;  
 Nor dost thou *swell*, vain-glorious, with Success ;  
 But after Action still retir'd, and *less*,  
 The *Hero* and the *Sage* at once confess.

That thou art just, thy very Foes agree,  
 Partial to no Condition or Degree,  
 Nor e'er consult the Fair One's Pedigree ;  
 But visit both the Wealthy and the Poor,  
 And *knock* like equal Death, at every Door.

Honour, that fullen Guardian Pow'r, who dwells  
 In unfrequented Caves and barren Cells,  
 Howe'er resolv'd, her *folding Gate* unlocks,  
 Unable to resist thy mighty Shocks :  
 Yet some pretend thou art a Paradox.  
 Tho' blind, yet bold ; tho' dumb, you teach to speak ;  
 Strong without Bones ; and thro' your Triumph *weak*.

But Nature on thy Vigour still relies,  
 And for her fading Labours hopes Supplies.  
 On boldly then, your youthful Heat employ,  
 And strenuously force your Way to Joy ;

Yet



Yet all Excesses, as pernicious, shun,  
 Nor strain the tenth laborious *Heat* to run,  
 By curs'd Ambition led, or fond Entreaties won :  
 So long with *Matrons* will you find Respect,  
 Maintain your *Crimson Blush*, and Form erect.

Pleas'd, we'll pursue, where e'er you lead the Way,  
 And your dear Laws implicitly obey ;  
 By Day, by Night, thro' Heats, thro' Winter's Snow,  
 Fatigue and Danger scorn'd, we'll boldly go,  
 Not coldly asking why, when you command ;  
 For you in Reason's Place, triumphant stand.  
 Long in superior Glory may'st thou thrive,  
 And may we ne'er thy active Power survive !  
 Scorn'd shall we be, when thou can'st charm no more,  
 And slighted by the Sex we pleas'd before.  
*Strong* as thou art, thy stubborn Neck must yield,  
 One Day reluctant, thou must quit the Field,  
 Then shall the *Nymphs* thy drooping Head deride,  
 Tho' now the *Maidens* Dream, and *Matrons* Pride.

Hence, gloomy Thought, while yet our Monarch reigns,  
 And the quick Torrent boils within our Veins ;  
 And thou, Great Chief, the gloomy Thought forgive,  
 Nor shrink with sudden Grief ; but rise, and live !  
 Thee to some fond expecting *Nymph* we'll bear,  
 And Beds of Roses for thy Bliss prepare.

May no Alarms your softer Hours annoy;  
 Still in sweet Peace repeat the kindly Joy.  
 May no Disgust e'er lessen your Desire;  
 No *Flatus* raise thee with deceitful Fire;  
 No Spells, from slighted *Maids*, your Courage foil,  
 While on yourself you shamefully recoil,  
 Or vainly for th' *important Minute* toil,  
 And still dear Wanderer, may'st thou be free  
 From the infected Rover's Infamy!  
 Dire Plague! Which Heav'n has long reserv'd in Store,  
 To damp the envy'd Joy, too great before.  
 But if the Pow'rs this perfect Bliss deny,  
 And needs must punish your Inconstancy,  
 Rather when old, and loaded with Renown,  
 A *Priapism* all your Labours crown,  
 And may you prove the *D—do* of the Town.



**HORACE,**





# *HORACE*, Ode xxx, Book I. Paraphras'd.

**C**ÆLIA this Night has promis'd I,  
(And bound it with, *Or may I die*)  
Shall then be eas'd of all my Pains,

And tast the Sweets of Lovers Chains;

The Bed, she tells me, is prepar'd,

The Candle out, the Door unbar'd,

Lovely Goddess, Queen of Love,

Ruler of the Gods above,

For one soft Moment leave thy Sky,

Neglected once let *Paphos* lie,

And here, with all thy Graces fly:

Contemn the bawling *Carrion's* Pray'r,

And snuff up nobler Incense here.

Let Love, in all his fierce Desires,

His raging, never dying Fires,

Enter the lovely Form, and there,

Make Pleasure his peculiar Care;

*Printed for A. Moore, near St. Dunstons Church, in Fleet Street, London. Price 6d.*

In naked conquering Charms array'd,  
 Let all the Graces lend their Aid,  
 And Youth, and soft Persuasion meet,  
 To make the joyful Scene compleat:  
 The Goddess hears, and now she's there,  
 I see and feel her ev'ry where;  
 See how the charming *Celia* lies,  
 With heaving Breasts, extended T—hs,  
 And strong desiring, sparkling Eyes;  
 Declaring now, that Love's posselt,  
 And revels warmly in her Breast.

Wanton *Venus*, now inspire,  
 Thy Servant with unusual Fire;  
 Prolong the Night, as when Great *Jove*  
 Was blest with his *Alcmena's* Love;  
 And let me Goddess, if you can,  
 Be this Night *something more than Man*.

F I N I S

*Just Publish'd,*  
 The SECOND EDITION of  
**S**ARAH the Quaker, to *Lothario*, lately deceas'd, on meet-  
 ing him in the Shades.  
*For Love bad, like the canker Worm,*  
*Consum'd her early Prime:*  
*The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;*  
*She dy'd before her Time.*  
 Printed for *A. Moore*, near *St. Paul's*, and Sold at most of  
 the Pamphlet-Shops in *London* and *Westminster*. Price 6 d.